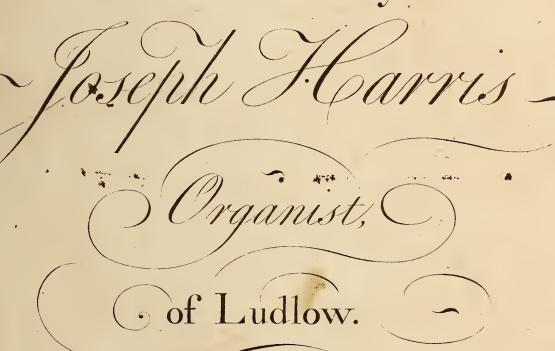


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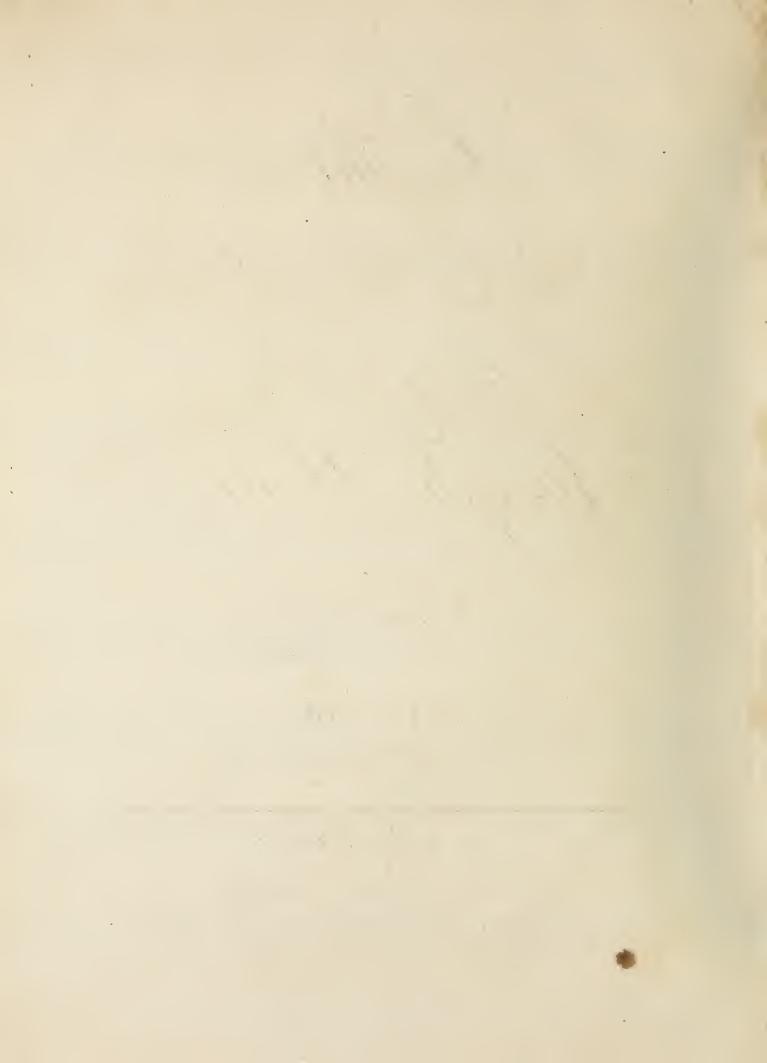
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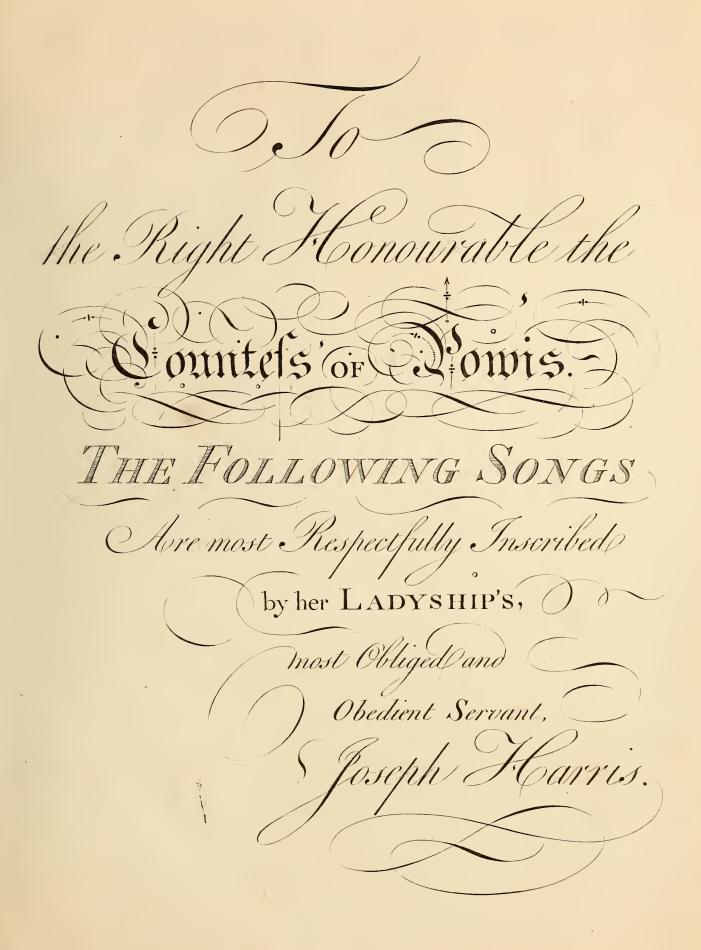
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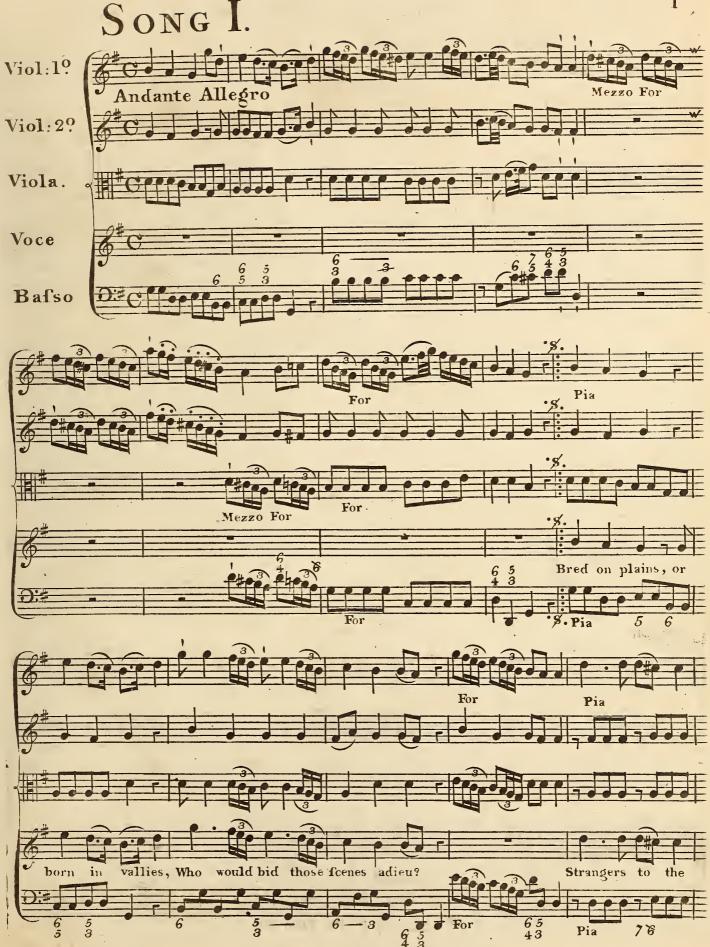
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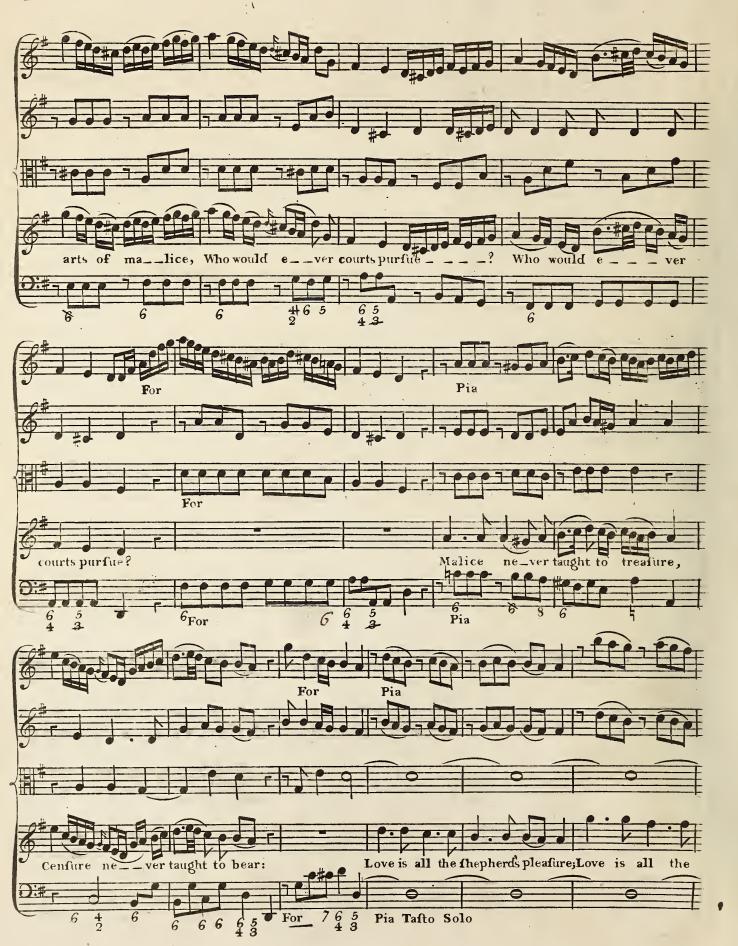
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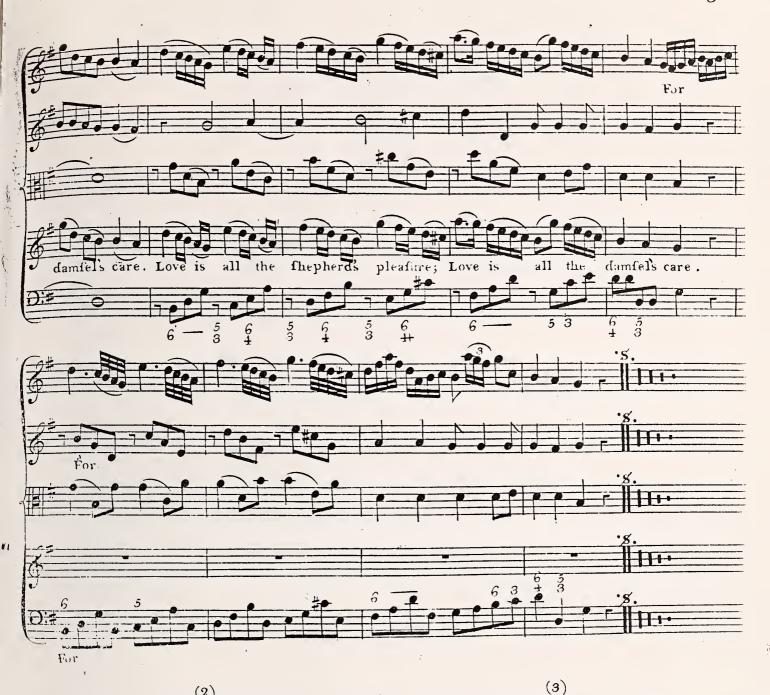
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(2)

How can they of humble ftation
Vainly blame the powers above?

Or accuse the dispensation
Which allows them all to love?

Love like air is widely given;
Power nor chance can these restrain;

Truest, noblest gifts of heaven!
Only purest on the plain!

Hark to yonder milk-maid finging
Chearly o'er the brimming pail;
Cowflips all around her fpringing
Sweetly paint the golden Vale.
Never yet did courtly Maiden
Move so sprightly, look so fair;
Never breast with jewels laden
Pour a song so void of care.

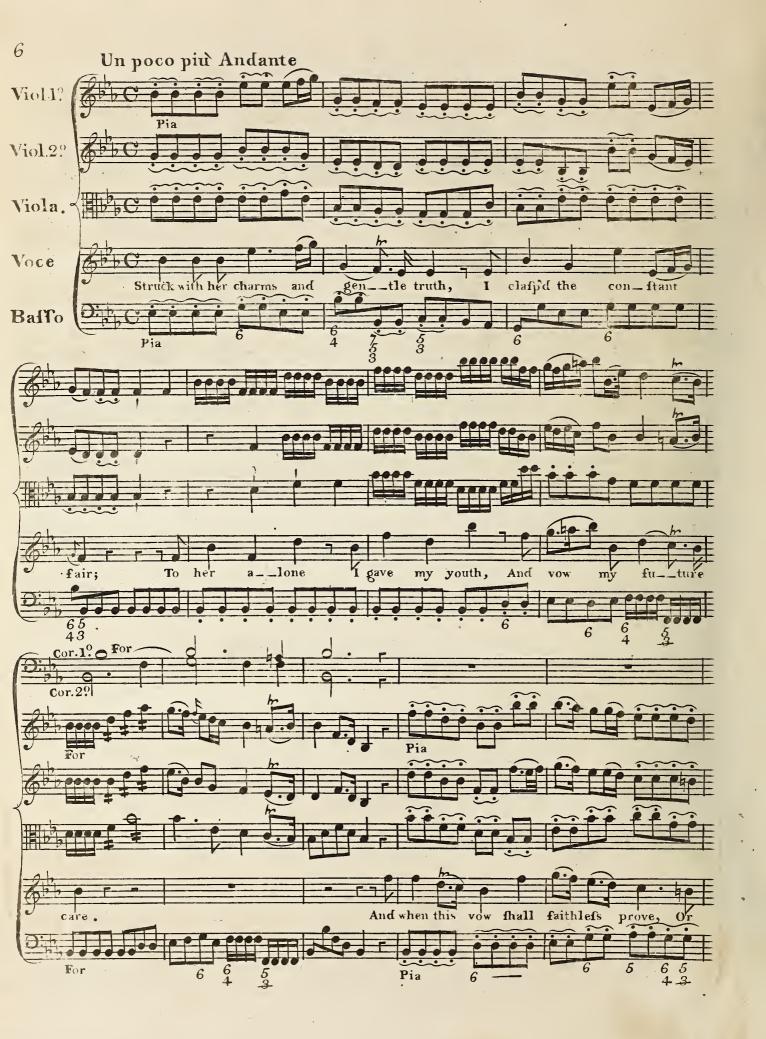
Would indulgent heavn had granted
Me fome rural damfels part!
All the empire I had wanted
Then had been my fhepherd's heart.
Then, with him, for hills and mountains,
Free from forrow, might I rove:
Fearlefs tafte the crystal fountains;
Peaceful fleep beneath the Grove.

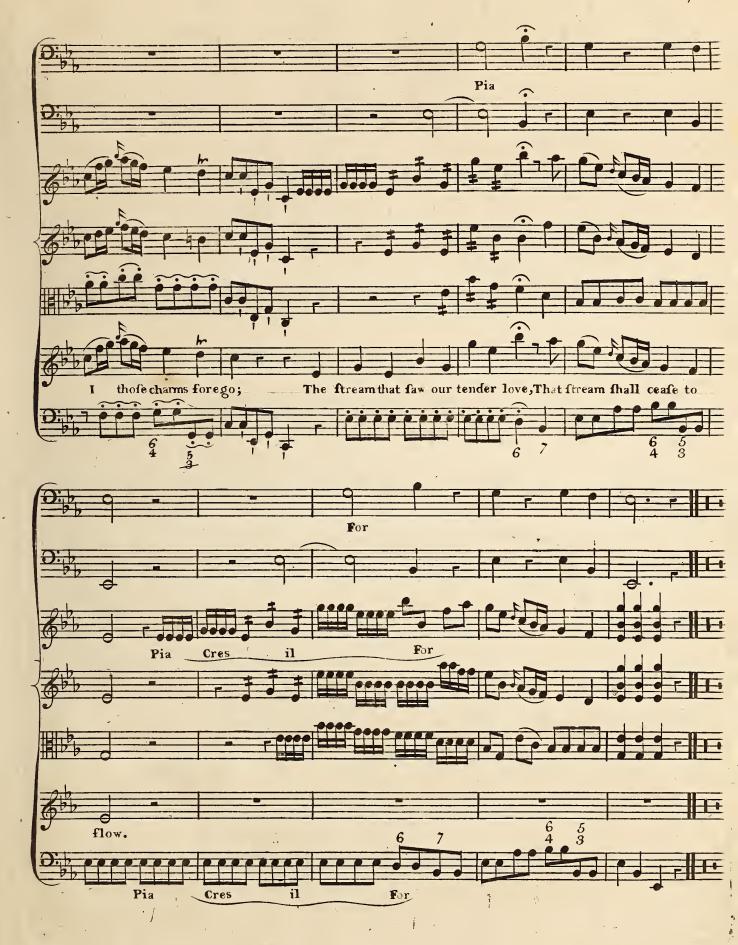


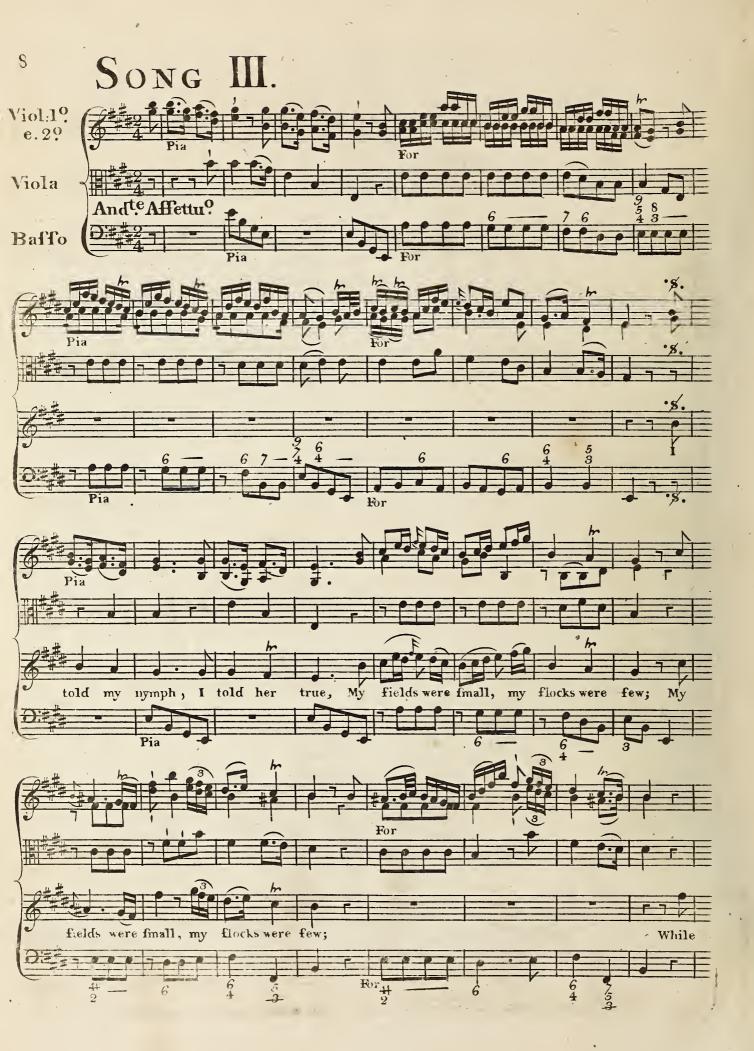


(2)

Gay lordlings fought her for their bride,
But fhe would neer incline:
"Prove to your equals true, fhe cry'd,
As I will prove to mine.
'Tis STREPHON, on the mountain's brow,
Has won my right good will;
To him I gave my plighted vow,
With him I'll climb the hill."





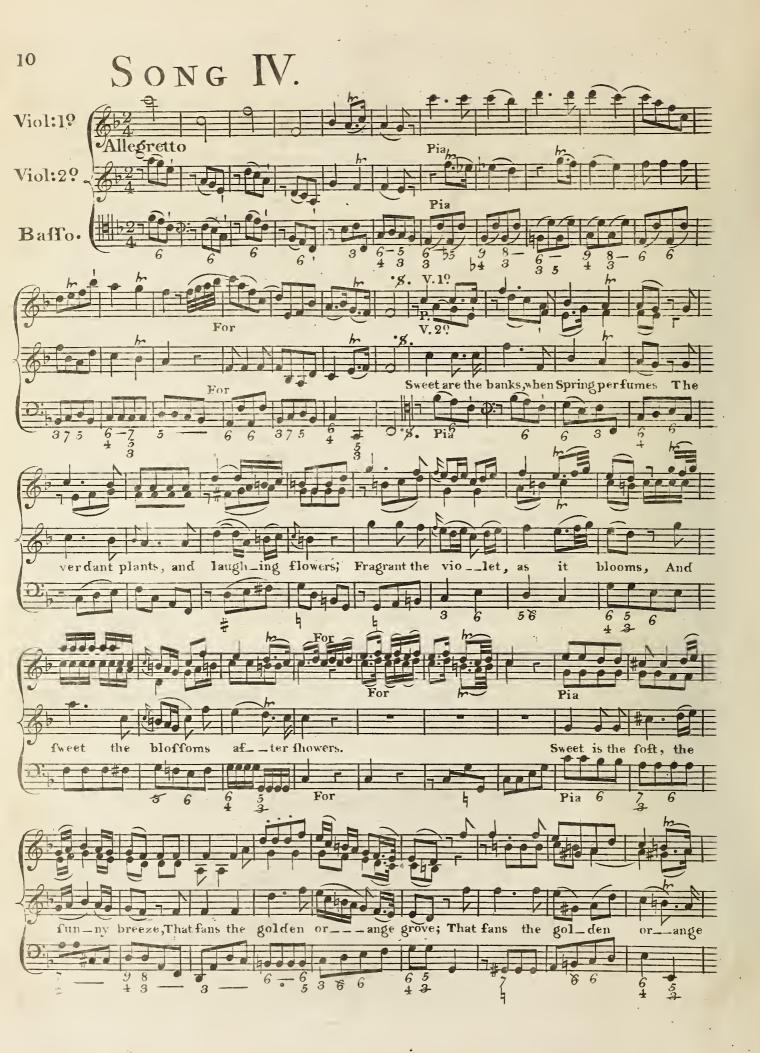


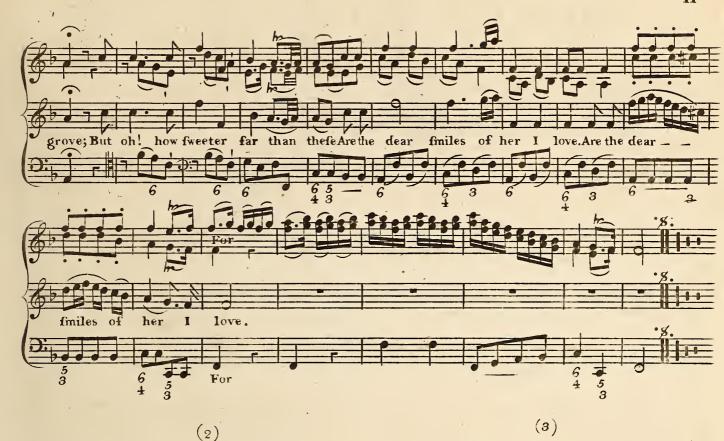


Of crops deftroy'd by vernal cold, And vagrant fheep that left my fold: Of these she heard, yet bore to hear; And is not FLAVIA then sincere?

How changed by fortune's fickle wind, The friends I lov'd became unkind, She heard, and shed a generous tear; And is not FLAVIA then sincere?

Go fhear your flocks, ye jovial fwains, Go reap the plenty of your plains; Despoild of all which you revere, I know my FLAVIA'S love fincere.







Ye roses! blushing in your beds,



That with your odours fcent the Air;



Ye lillies chafte with filver heads
As my CLEORA'S bosom fair:



No more I court your balmy fweets;



For I, and I alone, can prove, How fweeter, when each other meets, Are the dear fimiles of her I love.



Her tempting Eyes my gaze inclin'd,



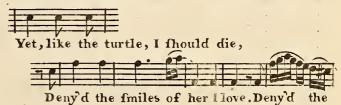
Their pleasing lesson first I caught;



Her fense, her friendshep next confind The willing pupil she had taught.



Should Fortune, ftooping from her fky, Conduct me to her bright alcove;



SONG V. 12 Can blame me for dropping a My Flocks if at random they stray What wonder, if





(2)

Can I ever forget how we stray'd



O'er the Hill, thro the Meadow and Grove; Can I ever forget the dear Maid

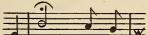
.When blufhing the first own'd her love?



When the fear'd ev'n the Trees might reveal



What she scarce could to me tell alone.



But oh \_! what a Change do I feel,



Now my lovely Companion is gone!



(3)

She was all my fond Wifhes could afk,



She had all the kind Gods could impart, She was Nature's most beautiful Task,



The Despair and the Envy of Art: In Her what is worthy to prize, In all that is lovely was dress'd,

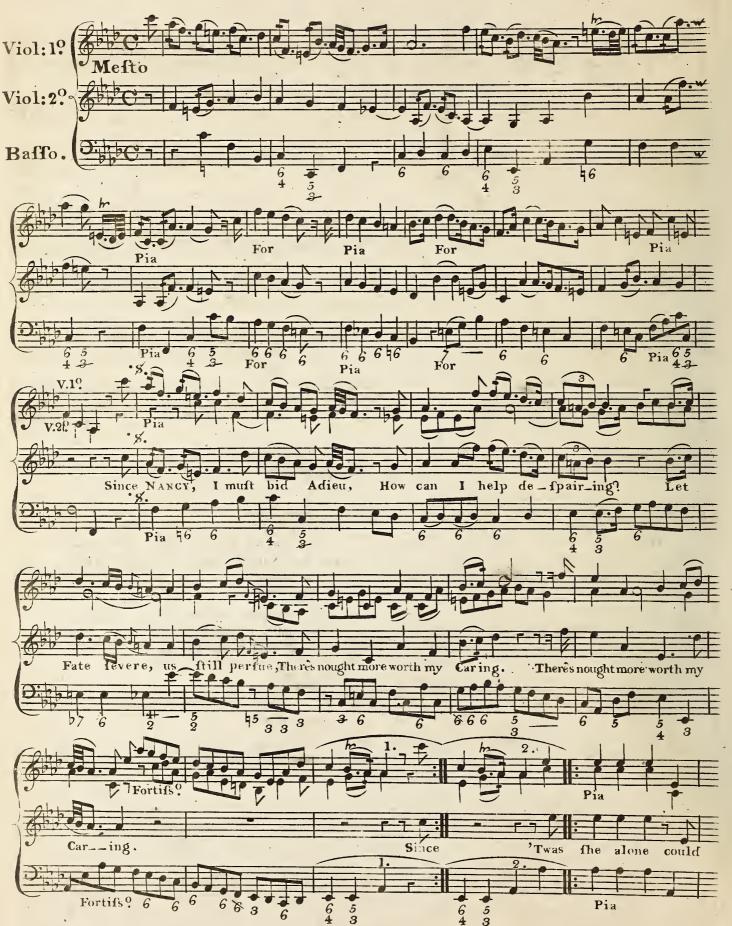


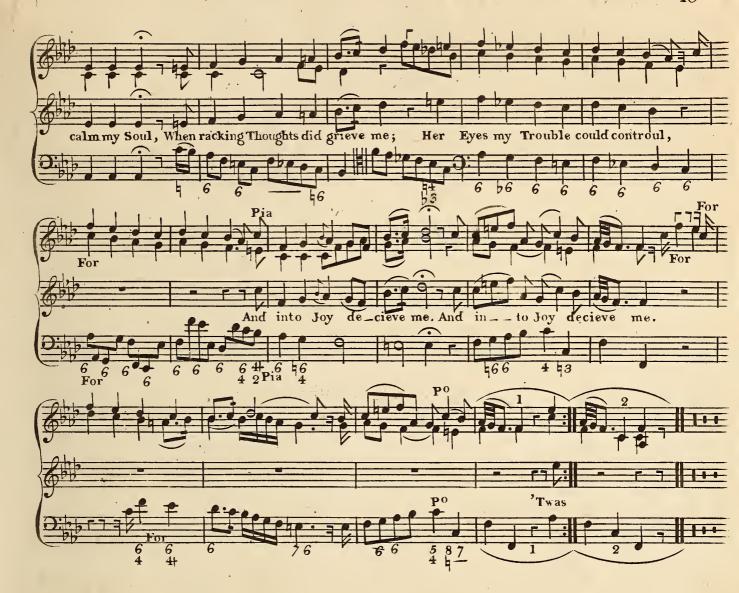
For the Graces where thron'd in her Eyes



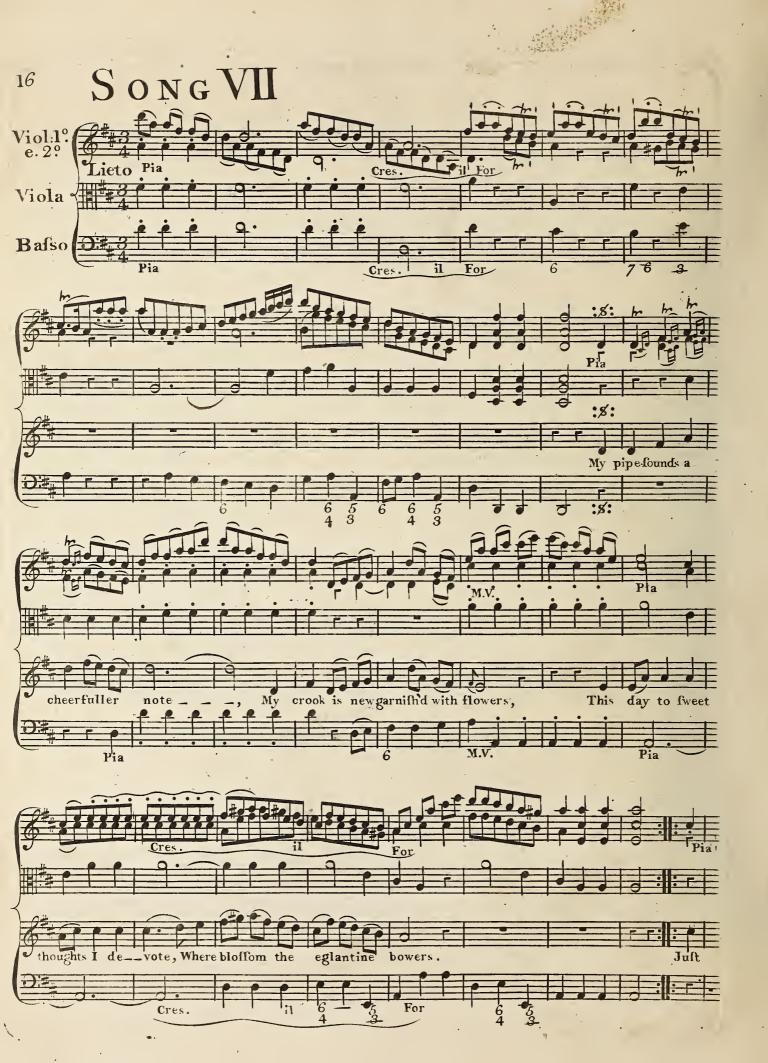
And the Virtues all lodgd in her Breaft.

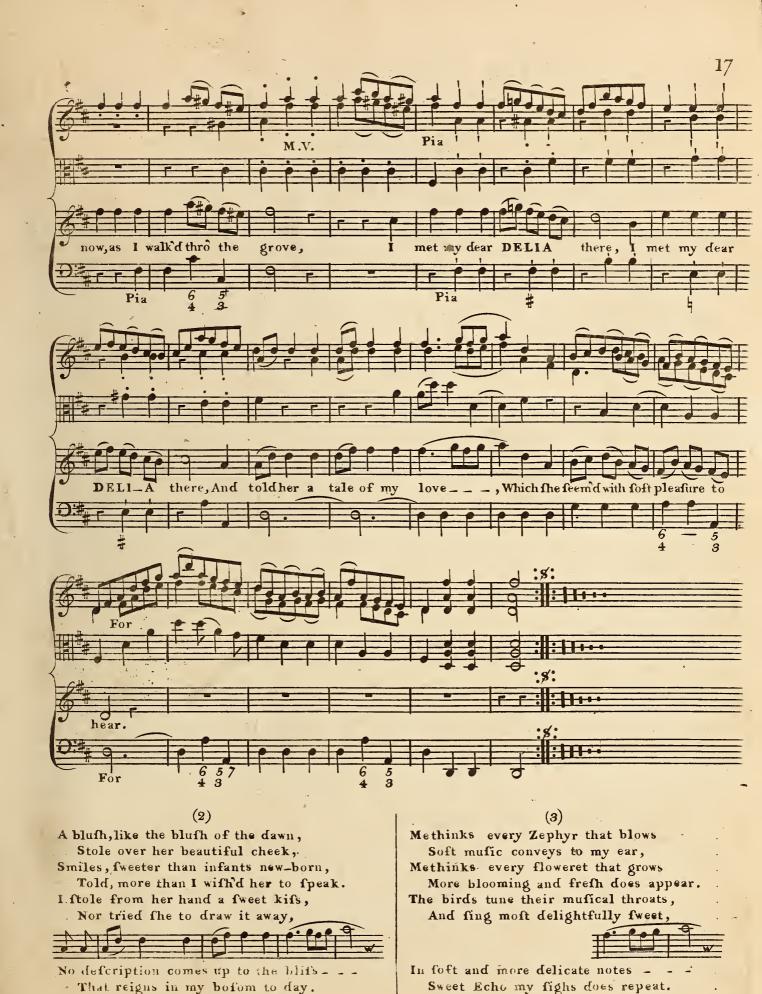
## Song VI.



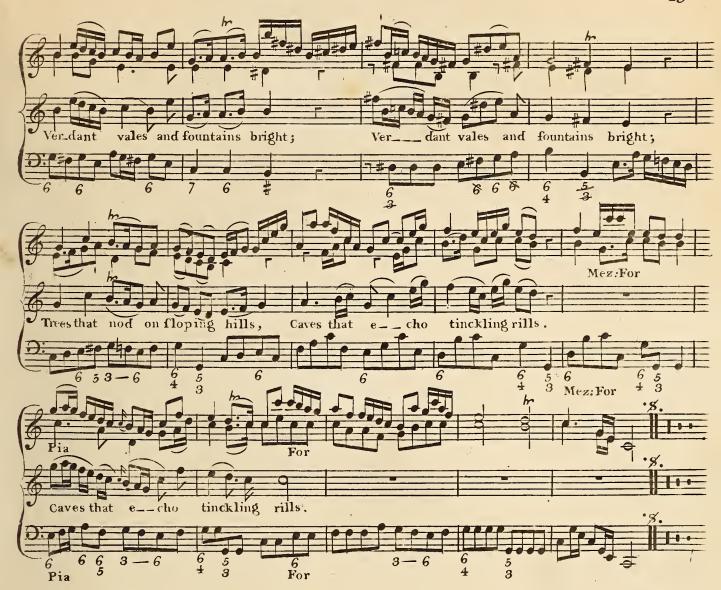


(2)
Farewell ye Brooks, no more along
Your Banks shall I be walking:
No more you'll hear my Pipe or Song,
Or dearest Nancy's talking.
But I by Death an End will give
To Grief, since we must sever:
For who can after parting live,
Ought to be wretched ever.





18 SONGVI Viol:10



(2)

If thou can't no charm disclose
In the simplest bud that blows,
Go, for sake thy plain and fold,
Join the crowd, and toil for gold.
Tranquil pleasures never cloy;
Banish each tumultuous joy:
All but love — for love inspires
Fonder wishes, warmer fires.

Love and all it's joys be thine —
Yet ere thou the reins refign,
Hear what reason seems to say,
Hear attentive, and obey.
"Think not she, whose empty pride
Dares the fleecy garb deride,
Think not she who, light and vain,
Scorns the sheep, can love the swain.

(4)

"Artless deed and simple dress,
Mark the chosen shepherdess;
Thoughts by decency contrould,
Well conceived, and freely told!
Generous pity prone to sigh
If her kid or lambkin die—
Let not lucre, let not pride
Draw thee from such charms aside.

"See, to fweeten thy repose,

The bloffom buds, the fountain flows;
Lolto crown thy healthful board,
All that milk and fruits afford.
Seek no more—the reft is vain;
Pleafure ending foon in pain:
Anguifh lightly gilded o'er:
Close thy wish, and seek no more. Fine

